Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runs againſt *Hector*.
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre ſurmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meaneſt thou?
Clow. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.
Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou ſhalt die.
Clow. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.
Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre
or ſtirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then w
a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern ma
ſlaſh, Ile doe it by the ſword: I pray you let me borro
Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my ſhirt.
Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.
Pag. Maſter, let me take you a button hoole lower: D
not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what meane
you will loſe your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not
bat in my ſhirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the chall
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt.
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of
nen: ſince when, Ile beſworne he wore none, but a diſhcl
Iaquenettas, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour
Enter a Meſſenger, Mounſier Marcade.
Mar. God ſaue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſ
merriment.
Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is h
in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue
the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, a
will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exunt Worthies.*
Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?